

Matty tossed her backpack onto the bench by the front door as soon as it closed behind her, the feeling of finally being home at least bringing some comfort after the day. First there had been the calculus test in first period – she’d tried to take her friend’s advice to “be confident, and that’s why I always do great on tests”, yet after leaving the classroom the only thing she felt confident on was that she had done badly. Then she dropped her spaghetti all over herself at lunch and had to spend fifteen minutes in the bathroom cleaning it off, and *then* on the bus home she checked the tracking history for a recent online order and found that it was delayed and would take at least one more business day to arrive; today being Friday, that meant it wouldn’t be here until at least *Monday*. And, now, she couldn’t get her dang shoes off. She reached out and hopped against the wall for support, trying to tug it off with her other hand.

A moment later, her mother peeked her head around the cabinets in the kitchen. “Hey, hon. How was your day?”

Still hopping, Matty looked up at her. Not a good decision: she nearly stumbled and fell on her face, only catching herself by sitting down on the bench at the last minute – and directly on the buckle of one of her backpack’s straps. “Long. Glad to be home. Ready to do nothing.”

“I bet! And you’ve got a free weekend ahead of you, too – your dad and I are gonna be out, remember.” That familiar face cracked into a warm smile just before she disappeared around the corner again. “I just started dinner. It’ll be ready in... half an hour?”

Finally she managed to pull her other shoe off, soon tossing it towards the foot of the other wall. Matty shifted to pull the plastic away from where it dug into her thigh. “Cool. Is Laika asleep, or is she-?”

Either hearing the door or hearing her name, the golden retriever came padding out from down the hallway opposite the kitchen and bounded up into Matty’s lap, tail wagging swiftly behind her. Neither the cleverest nor most creative of names, but she’d been fascinated with both space and dogs as a younger girl, and those loves came together all those years ago when her parents had given her the opportunity to name their new golden retriever pup. Laika had grown into a large, beautiful dog in all that time, much the same as Matty herself had grown into a woman. Final year of high school – hell, final *month* – and then she could move on. She’d already asked all her friends to start using her full name, Matilda, but her mileage on that had been fairly low.

A happy, wet lick from Laika across her chin drew her out of her thoughts, though, and immediately brought her to grin and bury her face into the thick, warm fur of the retriever’s shoulder. “I’m happy to see you, too,” she said, voice muffled by all that fluff; the dog brought a paw up and braced it against Matty’s leg, recently-trimmed claws definitely palpable but not painful. She’d always been good about that, especially with Matty. She lifted her head again, fingers scritchng into Laika’s neck, and moved to rest her chin atop the retriever’s head – which resulted in another series of licks right across the front of her throat.

“You and that dog.” She could just barely see the swing of her mother’s hair behind the cabinet as the older woman shook her head. “She *really* loves you, Mat.”

“And I really love her right back.” Matty squished Laika’s cheeks in her hands and pursed her lips down towards the retriever’s nose, quickening the pace of that wagging tail, and quickly ending in another couple licks this time directly over her lips. That just made her laugh all over again, and suddenly, the

weight with which she'd walked through the front door felt like pebbles in her pocket. "Isn't that right, Laika? Yeah, you know that – oh, you *do*, don't you..."

The rest of the afternoon passed by fairly quickly, as Fridays tend to do. Matty made her way down the hall, leaving her backpack where she'd tossed it on the bench, to turn her TV on and lie back for a new episode of one of her shows until dinner time. Her dad got home right as the plates touched the table, and he drew them into a conversation that put her school worries even further out of her mind and left her heading back towards her bedroom afterwards with a warm tickle in her chest from both eating and laughing so much. She still had the TV on, though turned down so the sound was just a low occasionally-peaking rumble beneath the hum of the air conditioner and the buzz of cars on the road outside her window, and this time Matty settled down at her computer desk to catch up on the rest of her slacking off for what of the night remained.

At one point Laika trotted in and curled around her legs, which led her to interrupt her slacking off every now and then to reach down and scratch under the dog's collar or behind her ear, or to pat her head or back or something else – all of which earned more contented wagging out of her, a steady *thump-thump-thumping* against the carpeted floor. Then maybe twenty minutes later, Mom poked her head in around the threshold and took a quick second to peer at Matty's screen – she'd been doing that since a certain somewhat unfortunate happening last year when Matty *thought* she was home alone – before letting her know that she and Dad were heading out.

"Alright, Mom." Matty made sure to click one more thing before turning to look up at her, gently rubbing at Laika's belly with her toes as she did so. "I'll be here. I don't really have any plans – oh, can Kayley come over tomorrow?"

"I *would* be more comfortable with someone else being here with you..."

Matty rolled her eyes and turned back to her computer. "Mom, I'm an adult..."

"Yeah, but you do remember that your dad and I keep the bottles marked, right?"

"Okay, that happened once!"

Even without turning her head back, she could see her mom's sly grin.

"...Twice. Okay. Thanks, Mom."

"Yeah. We'll be back Sunday night. Love you, hon."

"Love you too."

Even across the house she could hear the *thunk* of the door to the garage closing, soon followed by the muted rumble of the garage itself... and then again as it was lowered. That left just herself and her dog, who lifted her head off her paws and looked at Matty as if feeling she was in her thoughts. And maybe she did: it often seemed as though Laika knew and felt more than other dogs, though Matty usually just attributed that to their closeness. The two had shared a bed, much to Mom's chagrin for the first several years, nearly since they had gotten her.

Before she headed off to bed Matty let her into the backyard, as was routine. Fairly sizeable backyard with not one but two trees, and a lovely little area off by the fence that used to be a garden, though the park a couple streets down was of course much more preferable to let Laika run around in.

Sometimes on other weekends like this where Matty was home alone, she'd take the golden retriever there and head off the trails to explore the unpaved and forested trails snaking around the area, with all of the fun new sights and interesting scents that both changed with the season, and she'd delight in seeing Laika's sweet joy at the whole thing... she made sure to find the dog where she lay on the couch and mooshed her face into her side while she said goodnight, fingers rubbing in through soft fur and scratching at her flank and chin, waiting until she lost count of the tail-thumps against the cushion to stop.

Fingers still buried, she lifted her face and promptly received yet more licks against her cheek. She'd long since given up on avoiding them, and now just squeezed her eyes shut and took it. "Okay, Laika," she said, also not bothering to turn her head away while she spoke, "I'm heading to bed. I'll leave the door open like usual if you wanna come in."

With the stress of the day fully gone from her head by now, she found getting to sleep to be delightfully easy. The cool air blowing from the vent above the bed, the touch of the sheet across her bare chest and pulled up to her neck, the quiet sounds from outside... and then somewhere along the way, the slight jerking and squeaking of the mattress beneath the weight of the golden retriever hopping up, soon followed by firm paws pressing in close to her body without stepping on her.

Maybe Matty had already drifted off once by that point. It was hard to tell sometimes, and she only half-consciously tossed the blankets back and scooted to the side to allow space for the dog beside her, soft fur against smooth skin, gentle warmth of contact and closeness. Tonight she kept those blankets tossed back – with her parents gone, she didn't have to worry about getting up to close the door or else risk one of them peeking in and seeing her naked-from-the-waist-up body – and draped an arm around Laika before drifting back off again, cheek against her back and nose close to her collar. She made sure to bathe her often, though even with that, the undeniable scent of canine still hung deep beneath the fading floral shampoo she used... and, yet, it wasn't an unpleasant note. It never had been for Matty.

She settled in and quickly fell into the arms of sleep again, though some time later – always hard to tell right after waking up – something else stirred her awake. Something new, something different, something... something that her mind and body didn't quite recognize at first. Not until she rubbed at her eyes, tried stretching her legs, bumped against Laika's body down between her thighs, breathed something that was supposed to be an apology... and then stopped. That *something* was warmth, steady wet warmth against the front of her panties, slowly yet quite deliberately pressing into the fabric and dragging up, all the way across and then starting back down again, where her sleeping body had spread her legs under the tickling pleasure to allow the dog easier access. The last twinges of a fading dream surrounding that feeling flicked through her mind, and was gone.

"Laika-" It was a bit tough to move, almost. Matty reached down, placed a hand against the retriever's head, and then stopped again when instead of pulling away, Laika just nuzzled up into her palm and then leaned down to continue lapping at her, slick not only with just saliva. "You can't... you shouldn't..." but a hot, sudden shiver sped through her body from that point of contact, tongue to lips through the thin material of her panties, translucent from the wetness. A sensation she'd never been able to get from her own fingers, or from the toy that she'd borrowed from Kayley last semester.

Then again, and a third time, quickly causing her to kick the sheets the rest of the way back and lift one leg closer up towards her body, foot brushing in against Laika's chest as she did so. Matty swallowed and squirmed and shifted, unintentionally pushing closer to the dog's muzzle and tongue as she lapped... and then, intentionally, reaching down with her other hand to pull her panties to the side and spread herself between two fingers. When that broad, flat tongue dug in against her and drew up, that shiver came again, and her entire body tightened; she let out another breathy moan, ran her thumb through her short pubic hair, brought those fingers up and in to roll over her clit – and then jerked partially upright onto her elbows at what she felt.

Not a clit. Or, at least, something *other* than a clit. Her eyes hadn't yet fully adjusted to the darkness of night – or of the early, early morning; a glance over at her nightstand showed 3:39 AM in bright green from her clock. Laika's eyes, glistening in the shadows, remained on her as she watched: each of those licks brought out another small change in what Matty had between her legs there, with the waves of sharp pleasure marking those changes and cementing them into her body.

She watched as her pubic hair lengthened and thickened, prickling at her skin as it turned from hair into a more solid, coherent stretch of fur, spreading out along her inner thighs and down towards her rump – and a shock of the pleasure briefly forced her to squeeze her eyes shut. After gathering herself again, she blinked, wiped her eyes again, and looked closer, seeing the way that the skin of her body, her lips, folded forward and fused together into a... a tube, sort of, or a sheath, bulging out and wrapping around what used to be her clit, now lengthening and thickening, turning from glistening pink into a deeper, fuller red. She could *feel* the skin stretching, the nerves pinching and relaxing as the changes settled through her lower body, soft sensitive lips wrapping into that supple and stretchy sheath, with the brown pubic hair – pubic *fur* – quickly advancing and closing around it, right up to the lip out of which the tip of that new red point protruded. To her it *felt* the same as her clit, yet... more. More of it there, the same yet different; it expanded down further into the sheath and into her body, again making her squirm.

And yet that part of her didn't remain inside the sheath, though: Laika's steady, firm licking coaxed it out, smooth yet veined flesh twitching and throbbing under the touches, intensely warm and moist when Matty reached down to caress it against her thumb. Suddenly her eyes widened, as she realized what this was; Kayley *also* had a toy like this. And now here it was, not a toy but a *part* of her, from the tapered tip down to the smooth contour of the shaft, and the wider rounded bulge of the knot still hidden beneath the rim of her new sheath.

*I should be... freaking out, or something...* she figured, and yet all of these new sensations seemed almost to quiet that shock. Each gentle drag of her finger and thumb across her shaft sent electric vibrations through her hips, and with Laika having settled her muzzle in at the base of Matty's sheath, huffing at her new scent and repeatedly licking her chops... Matty squirmed again, widened her legs a little bit further, and reached down to scratch behind the dog's ear. Laika nuzzled up again briefly and then lowered back down, this time to get back to licking – and Matty nearly jumped with *that* feeling, that same tongue drawing over new skin and flesh that just plain *hadn't* existed before.

Some odd sensation there, beneath the base of her sheath where Laika had had her nose. The pressure of that touch, the hot little puffs of breath washing out and curling in between her thighs grew a bit, steadily, warmly, and it looked as though something there started pushing the dog's muzzle backwards; she just nuzzled firmly into it, though, and continued lapping, broad tongue curling across that same

new flesh, loose and sensitive. Matty's entire body shivered, both of her legs actually pulling up off of the bed for a brief moment before she forced them back down and sat more fully up.

Then, she let the hand that had wrapped around her cock – *her cock*; that would take some time to get used to, assuming she stayed this way – float down past Laika's muzzle and further between her legs. The golden retriever's nose twitched as it passed by, and even where she lay, Matty knew why: of course she'd known her own scent of arousal, and the heavier, greasier musk clinging to that hard shaft carried those same notes in a totally different way. Still hers, yet not necessarily herself. Exploring fingers quickly found, wrapped around, and lightly squeezed a full sack to go with her sheath and shaft, also softly furred.

Her breath felt dry in her throat, yet every other part of her felt... well, she slid her hand underneath the base of her length and lifted it away from her body again, watching the way a glob of mixed saliva and precum dripped off the tip, rolled down the back of the shaft, and then hung heavily off for a moment before it splattered near her belly button. A moment later her eyes met Laika's past that red-veined shaft: the retriever gave one more lick, this time lapping over her chops instead of along some new part of her owner or another, and then shifted to place her paws against Matty's lower belly so she could pull herself up.

Something odd was going on here. That much was *more* than obvious. As soon as she felt the weight of the dog pulling herself up, Matty reached down, hooked her arms around her, and pulled her the rest of the way up, immediately burying her face in the golden fur of her neck and nuzzling deep, drawing the dog's so-familiar scent in through her nose – which, *for some reason*, sent another little shock down her back that ended in a throb of her cock. That had been Laika's doing, clearly, and seeing the way she'd watched her, the way she nosed and nuzzled and *watched*... all of the years leading up to this, the time spent together, the days on the couch together, the nights curled up asleep... something else, something new, coursed through Matty's body since she'd first awoken to the feeling of that broad tongue dragging over the front of her panties.

One arm still around the dog's shoulders, Matty reached down to give herself a slow stroke – *that* was a feeling she'd never get tired of – and angled herself up, towards the thick, heavy sex hanging down between the retriever's hind legs. Something she'd never really thought about before, yet now she couldn't dislodge it from her mind. A small buck of her hips upward, a brief tug behind her knot that had slipped free of her sheath, a brush across that warm, slick flesh... something else. Something new.

*This is how you've always wanted to love me*, she realized, digging the fingers of her other hand more firmly into Laika's fur. *This is how, and now you can finally do it.*

*And I can reciprocate.*

Faster this time, face still buried against Laika's neck with the retriever happily wagging, Matty came to be aware of the same little twitches and shivers that she'd felt between her legs with *those* changes now resounding out across the rest of her body, through her hips and up her chest, out along her arms and legs, right at the end of her face. Muscles tightening and tensing, pulling her in on herself until Laika had to awkwardly step backwards and away; faint pain, pressing discomfort, but beneath it all was that same hot, shivering pleasure, the same kind that she got from the powerful throbs of her cock, but throughout her entire body.

Her teeth gritted, her eyes squeezed themselves shut, at some point she rolled onto her side... and *that* was when she realized the rest of her was changing, too. Her bones shifted, adjusted, bent, cracked and then just as quickly fused again into new forms, quick enough that only the slightest of pain shot through her from those points; she grabbed at the sheets beneath her, trying to lift herself up, and instead found blunted claws pricking in through the fabric and into the mattress below. Matty swallowed and licked her lips, then let out a tense sigh – that instead came out as a rumbling growl. The waist of her panties, still pulled halfway down her thighs, stretched and tore as her upper legs bulged and changed, knees shifting and moving, everything bending; her nose tickled, *tickled* as though she'd just tried to take a deep whiff of a bowl of fresh-ground pepper, and when she raised one of her hands – if it could still be called that: shorter fingers, claws, thick tufts of fur the same dark blackish-brown color as coated her sheath, thicker and softer pads along her palm and the tips of those fingers – to grab at it, instead of a flat face and pointed nose what she felt was much the same as what Laika had, a broad, gentle muzzle. And it was *growing*, too.

Very quickly, though, her new, changing body no longer allowed her to hold that posture, and she fell to her front paws. Her knees lifted up as well as her legs continued to change into the more bent shape of a canine's hind pair; something about the change in itself just kept her hard, though, her length remaining fully out of her sheath and bobbing and bouncing with her pulse and with her movements, every now and then emptying a jet of watery pre out across the tossed-back sheets, darkening the fabric where it landed. Her noises of mixed discomfort and rich pleasure became steadily more like a dog's rumbles and growls, and her sighs turned into steady hungry panting; her hips thrust at the air nearly on their own, full heavy sack swinging forward and back beneath her as she did so. If she couldn't before, now she could *really* smell Laika's own need.

Slowly the changes felt to stop, though they left little twinges and tingles all throughout Matty's new body. Soft velvet ears, muzzle longer and a bit more pointed than Laika's after it had grown, sleek streamlined body, short black and brown fur... the Doberman licked her chops again, shook her body out, took a new stance on unfamiliar, unsteady legs, and looked over towards the retriever.

Laika had watched the entire thing, tail still wagging behind her. She tilted her head to one side, watched as Matty did the same, tilted it the other way, and then turned as if to hop down off the bed. Instead, however, she remained there at the edge, spread her hind legs, raised her tail – and Matty's body padded forward across the bed, nose twitching with that delicious inviting scent, before she leapt up over the retriever's back and immediately mounted and started thrusting forward, trying to find her mark, missing a few times, and then making it.

She was still *aware* of herself, caught inside this dog's head with all of these carnal, feral wants and feelings, unable to resist the need to give Laika what she wanted, and what Matty herself did too... all by *her* whim, by Laika's. Matty's forelegs clung tight around the retriever's flanks as she pounded away at her, slick cock digging deep inside the golden retriever and slipping back out again and again, heavy sack swinging with her thrusts.

Laika's pleasure remained palpable to her, too, both in the tight squeezing around her length and the slickness of arousal rolling down under her knot as well as in the retriever's steady panting, and just – something else about her, something that Matty hadn't been able to pick up on as a human. This... closeness between the two of them, bodies grinding together and lurching in rhythm with the Doberman's thrusts, tongue hanging out of her mouth as she pounded into the other dog – this

closeness like the two had never had before, that Laika had wanted for who knows how long and that Matty could finally give to her.

All of the tension and pressure that had built up in her through the teasing and transformation she could feel coming to a peak, each thrust lingering a bit longer under Laika's tail as the new Doberman buried herself to the hilt, fast and hard and eager, until she tried to tug back again – and couldn't. The pleasure of the orgasm rippled through her canine body, forcing her to clamp down around Laika's flanks and shoulder just the same as the retriever squeezed back around the base of her knot, milking out those fast, hot spurts of her load deep inside her. Each pull from the retriever underneath her and every twitch of her own body tugged behind her knot, sending another wave of heat through her loins and emptying another burst.

How could she have never noticed before – and why only now? Matty gave a small wag of her tail, hind legs shaking with the effort of remaining mounted, and after a moment lifted up and stepped around to twist her cock while still tied tight inside Laika, rump to rump. That lessened some of the residual pressure, and also filled her with the same pleasure all over again; like this, she could feel the retriever's brushy tail wagging against her own slimmer one, every now and then bumping together and briefly intertwining before coming apart again.

Each little movement and twitch from either of them just magnified the feeling and reminder that she was still buried those seven-something inches inside of the other dog, and increased the weight of sleepy exhaustion pulling down on Matty. Maybe the actual change itself had really taken it out of her: within minutes she could feel herself coming free, and with a few more tugs – which just made her hind legs shaky again – she managed to pull free with a wet *pop* and a slinging of her leaking cum out across the sheets beneath her. A slow turn around showed Laika with her tail still raised and back legs partially bent in a half-squat, milky white dripping slowly from her sex, before she stood up, wagged some more, and came over to lap at Matty's muzzle.

There was enough room on the bed for the two of them to curl up together. There always had been, and yet now, it felt even closer when Matty rested her head alongside Laika's, Doberman beside golden retriever.

-Then, seemingly minutes later she jerked awake again, long hair briefly splaying around her neck and shoulders with the sudden fast movement. Her first instinct was to reach up and touch at her muzzle... no, her *face*, with her hands, and fingers. Bright sunlight filtered in through the curtains, tinted blue-green by the fabric; there was the hum of the AC again, and chirping of a bird outside. Had that been just a dream? Her arms, legs, knees... just about all of her ached, but that much could just be due to sleeping oddly. And it seemed she *had*; a glance down revealed Laika asleep beside her, with the two of them right in the center of the bed instead of up by the pillows.

Matty frowned. She remembered... everything, really, though in foggy little bits. She remembered mounting, and thrusting, and cumming... dismounting, coming free, curling up. It seemed like everything was back to normal, though: she wrapped her arms around her chest, hefted her breasts in her hands. *Those* were still there, and a little squeeze, a little roll of her fingers across her nipples brought the same familiar little shiver as it always had.

It had to be. *Had* to be. Heart rate finally slowing back down from the initial shock and panic of her dream, Matty stretched her arms over her head, yawned, reached over to scritch under Laika's collar

again... and then noticed the tent of the sheet right along her lap with the wet spot at the peak, and the throb in it that lined up with a twitch of her – *whatever* was there. Her breath caught in her throat; she reached down, grabbed the rim of the sheets, pulled them back a bit... and saw her pubic hair, pubic *fur*, short and thick and brown, angling forward along the little membrane of skin that, a little bit further down, wrapped around into that same thick, supple sheath that had been there last night, complete with the several inches of veined red canine length, stiff and rhythmically twitching. Glistening with natural slickness, continually leaking down along the back of her shaft.

Movement at the corner of her eye caught her attention, and she looked over to see Laika just barely stirring awake. The golden retriever lifted her head, yawned, licked her chops, and then almost instantly started sniffing at the air to lead her towards Matty's *endowment*. She watched, frozen partially by shock and partially by curiosity, as Laika came in, sniffed at her length, nosed down towards the lip of her sheath... and then gave a lick, broad tongue curling up beneath one of her balls.

As soon as that lick finished, a newly-familiar shiver zapped up Matty's spine. She looked down, and sure enough, her fingers and hands started to go through the same changes again, though less painfully and faster this time. So *that's* how it was, then. Again her eyes met Laika's, and that gave enough to nearly fully quiet the nervous thumping of her heart. All of that affection, and that love and want...

Good thing her parents would be gone this weekend.